











## The Man Who Works Hard Should Follow This Advice

Perseverance...and will power he should have, but whether he has strength and vigor is another question. His health is poor, and he suffers from aches and pains from bilious fits. The occasional use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills keep him always at his best. Head aches, indigestion, pains are quite common, but by taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills keep the system clean and pure, tone up the blood, and give a sense of well-being and fastidiousness. No medicine for men is better than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The Calotropis Co., Ltd., Montreal.

## Oh, Money! Money!

— BY —  
ELEANOR H. FORTER

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(Continued)

She had been under the impression that he was getting the Blaisdell material for nothing, but when she learned he was intending to sell it himself, he had been very happy and interested. His book must be ready, until he was able to make more to publish. To Miss Maggie this seemed mean but one thing; some financial arrangement could be made so that he could carry out his plans and had left him stranded with definite debts.

She was sorry—but there seemed to be nothing that she could do. She had tried to help by insisting that he should not go into business, but only scouted that idea, but had enough of her own chores to do, and now that she was even more worried about him, all the world as if he had divined her suspicion and was laughing at her.

That Mr. Smith was trying to keep something from her, Miss Maggie was sure. She was the more sure, perhaps, because she had seen something that was trying to keep from Mr. Smith, and she thought she recognized the symptoms.

Meanwhile April budded into May, and May blossomed into June; and June came in like the blizzard to gather again in Hillerton.

### CHAPTER XXII.

With Jim a Jinx

Two days after Fred Blaisdell had returned from the city, his mother came to see Miss Maggie. Mr. Smith was rearranging the books on Miss Maggie's shelf, and she had just come in from the new ones he had brought through the window. When Mr. Hattie came in, he was already finished; he ceased his work, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"Now, don't go. You know all about it now, and I'll tell you what I know the rest. So you can keep right to work. I just come down to talk this over with you, and when we're done, what's what I'm going to do when I can't."

"I don't always care," soothed Miss Maggie cheerfully, handing her visitor a fan and taking a chair near her.

Mr. Smith, after a moment's hesitation, turned quietly back to his bookshelves.



### Nervous Breakdown

The extreme tension and depression which cover her face at times is the most alarming symptom of nervous exhaustion.

This letter is a message of hope to all who find themselves in this unfortunate condition.

Mrs. G. T. Tingley, Albert, N.B., writes:

"For years I was in a very nervous, run-down condition, so much depressed and spiritless that I could not sleep at night. The least noise would irritate me and at times I felt as though I had to run away or go to sleep. I tried different remedies to no effect.

"A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and I can truly say that it has been a blessing received. There was a marked change before I had finished the second box and when I used it again my nerves were thoroughly restored and I was entirely relieved of those terrible feelings I used to have. I shall ever remember the name of Dr. Chase and this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will give to others the quick and effective relief that it did to me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

W. N. U. 1407

"But I can't," choked Mrs. Hattie. "I can't go to work to earn money." "Away! Where? What do you mean?" cried Miss Maggie. "Not to work?"

"Yes... That's what I came to tell you." Hattie Blaisdell, where are you going?"

"To Plainville—next month, maybe."

"What's that? I came to tell you that's only forty miles from here. Guess we can't see each other."

"I know. Who does all this mean?"

"Well, of course, it began with Fred."

"Fred trouble, you know."

"But I thought Jim fixed that all up, didn't he?"

"He did. He paid the money and nobody else at college knew a thing about it. He paid for all the other things. Fred told us some of them right before last. He says he's about to go to college again. There's enough left in his bank to make a man of him yet. But he says he's got to go to college."

"You mean—he doesn't want to go back to college?" Miss Maggie's voice was tremulous with anger.

"Oh, he wants to go to college—but not there."

"Oh, he did," nodded Miss Maggie. "I see."

"He says he's had too much money to spend, but that he couldn't afford to spend it—if he was back there in the old crowd. So he's going to go somewhere else."

"Well, that's all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Jim says it is."

"I don't know why I say it, but I guess I am."

"I don't know what you are!" But now, what about Plainville?

"Oh, that grew out of it—all that. Mr. Hammond is going to open a new office in Plainville, and he's going to hire James—no, Jim—isn't going to call him 'James' any more."

"Well, that's fine, I'm sure."

"Of course, that part is fine—splendid."

"And all that—and—I guess I'm not going to say anything more."

"Well, I don't know, but I guess I'm not going to say anything more."

"Well, that's fine, I'm sure."

"I don't know what you are!"



